

NOVEMBER

NO. 26

NATIONAL



11

10¢

THEY ASKED FOR IT AND
UNCLE SAM
IS GOING TO GIVE IT TO THEM!





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

HERE IT IS!

POLICE

COMICS 10

NOVEMBER
NO. 13



WITH
THE BEST
COMICS
EVER TO
REACH
THE
NEWS-
STANDS
!

TWO SMASHING LEAD FEATURES
PLASTIC MAN AND THE SPIRIT
Plus MANHUNTER THE HUMAN BOMB
CHIC CARTER PHANTOM LADY
AND MANY OTHERS

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UNCLE SAM

by William E. Eisner

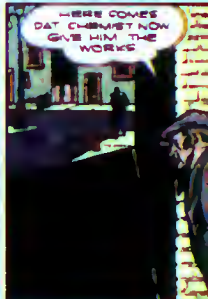
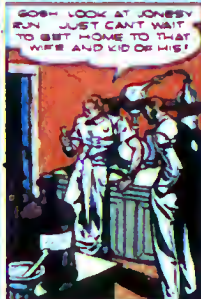
UNCLE SAM AGAIN
TURNS THE "TABLES"
ON THOSE WHO WOULD
SABOTAGE AMERICAN
WAR EFFORTS

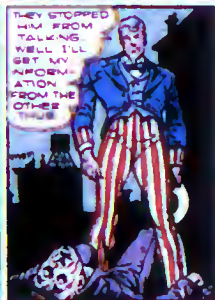
THERE LIES OUR SUCCESS
OR FAILURE. WE MUST
STOP THE DEMOCRATS
OF SUPPLY!!

YOU ARE RIGHT. YOU
STINK THE COUNTRIES
THAT CONTROL THE
WORLD'S OIL
SUPPLIES WILL WIN
THE WAR!

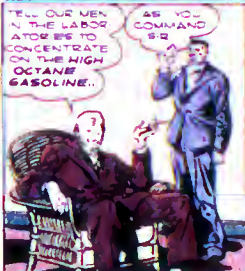
THEY THAT GET UP OF OUR
HEAVY LEADING AMP PLAN
OUR REPAIRS. I HAVE A
PLAN TO RESOLVE THESE
UNITED NATIONS.

I WILL
ATTEND TO
IT ONCE!





AS VON STUHL GIVES MORE ORDERS...

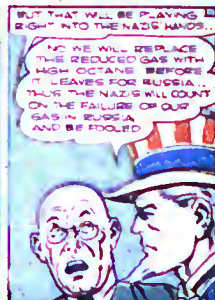


I HAVE INFORMATION THAT ALL OF THE U.S. A HIGH OCTANE GAS OUTPUT THIS MONTH IS DESTINED FOR RUSSIA AND WHEN IT GETS THERE IT MUST NOT BE HIGH OCTANE..... IS THAT CLEAR?

YES, S-2. I WILL SEE THAT OUR MEN ARE TOLD.



MEANWHILE IN UNCLE SAM'S APARTMENT...



A FEW DAYS LATER...

CALLING BERCHTESGADEN
OPERATOR IS EVERY-
THING UNDER PERFECT
CONTROL. HIGH OCTANE
IS NOW BELOW RATING
OF OUR ORDINARY
STANDARD GAS...



MEIN
FUEHRER
A MESSAGE
FROM BARON
VON STUHL
FROM
AMERICA!



FINE,
FINE...
GIVE ME
QUICK!!

TELL VON STUHL THERE MUST
BE NO MISTAKE ABOUT THAT
HIGH OCTANE BEING LOWER
THAN OUR STANDARD GAS...
OUR WHOLE CAMPAIGN IS
BASED ON HIS SUCCESS.



I WILL
ATTEND TO
IT AT
ONCE.
MEIN
FUEHRER?



BE GONE,
VARLET
!!!

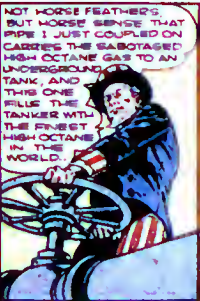
WHILE IN
AMERICA,
UNCLE SAM
AND BUDDY
WORK AT
TOP SPEED.



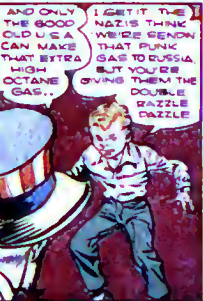
HAND ME
THAT WRENCH
BUDDY... HOW DO
YOU LIKE BEING A
PIPE FITTERS
HELPER?

OH, IT'S OKAY
BUT ALL THIS LOOKS
LIKE A LOT OF
HORSE FEATHERS
TO ME.

NOT HORSE FEATHERS,
BUT HORSE SENSE THAT
PIPE I JUST COUPLED ON
CARRIES THE SABOTAGED
HIGH OCTANE GAS TO AN
UNDERGROUND
TANK, AND THIS ONE
FILLS THE
TANKER WITH
THE FINEST
HIGH OCTANE
IN THE
WORLD.



AND ONLY
THE GOOD
OLD U.S.A.
CAN MAKE
THAT EXTRA
HIGH
OCTANE
GAS...

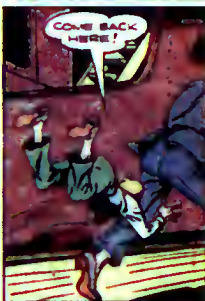
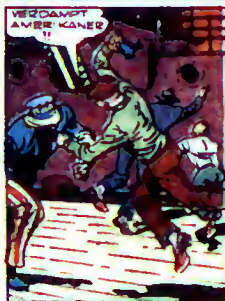
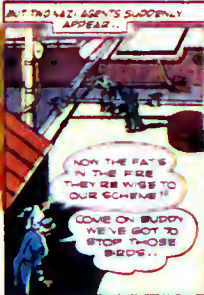


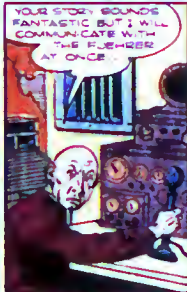
I GET IT THE
NAZIS THINK
WE'RE SENDIN'
THAT PUNK
GAS TO RUSSIA,
BUT YOU'RE
GIVING THEM THE
DOUBLE
RAZZLE
DAZZLE

BUT WHY
DON'T YOU
HAVE
PIPE-FITTERS
DO THIS
WORK?

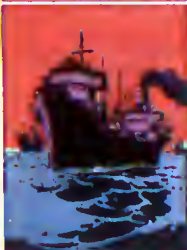


IT'S OF TOO GREAT
IMPORTANCE TO
RISK LETTING
SOMEONE ELSE
DO IF THE
NAZIS GET WIND
OF IT THEY'D
CALL OFF
THEIR BIG
OFFENSIVE
IN RUSSIA





AN EVER GROWING STRING
OF TANKERS GOES TO
RUSSIAN PORTS...



WHY DON'T
WE STAY
HOME
UNCLE
SAM?

WE ARE COMING
IN RUSSIA AT
PRESENT BLOOD
AND DON'T FORGET
A BLOW THERE
IS A BLOW FOR
THE GOOD
OLD USA



WUM! ONE OF THOSE
LOW OCTANE TANKERS
THE FUELLERS
ORDERS ARE TO LET
THEM PASS... WONDER
WHAT HE HAS UP
HIS CLEEVE?



JOURNIES END

OUR MEN REPORT THAT
YOUR NEW HIGH OCTANE
GAS DOES UNBELIEVABLE
THINGS. THEY
HAVE NEVER
SEEN SUCH
POWER

WELL SO
WE ARE
ONLY
BEGINNING
OVER IN
AMERICA...



GENERAL I AM DELIVING ON
YOU AND ESPECIAL
LY ON YOU HERMAN
OUR PLANES
SHOULD WRITE
NEW HISTORY
IN THE SKIES
TODAY!



THE FULL STRENGTH OF THE
GERMAN AIR ARMADA
TAKES TO THE AIR FOR THE
FIRST TIME AS HITLER
GAMBLE HIS ALL ON THIS
ONE RATTLE



SCRAMBLE
HERE THEY
COME!



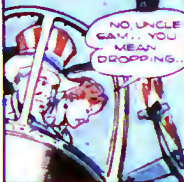
NOW AT EM WITH YOUR
NEW HIGH OCTANE
GAS...



AND THE BATTLE FOR THE CONTROL OF THE AIR BEGINS



BOY! WITH THIS NEW GAG THOSE NAZIS SEEM TO BE STANDING STILL!!



NO UNCLE SAM... YOU MEAN DROPPING...

AS HITLER WATCHES THE AIR BATTLE

WHAT!!



HIMMEL WE ARE LOST OUR PLANES LOOK LIKE FREIGHT CARS UP THERE... I HAVE BEEN DOUBLED-CROSSED GRR!!



THE GREAT NAZI ARMADA IS A THING OF THE PAST... THE GERMAN'S TURN TAIL AND STREAK FOR HOME AND FATHERLAND....



WITHOUT THE AIR SUPPORT HITLER'S ARMY ALSO GIVES GROUND, AND IS SOON A RUSHING RUNNING MOB



STOP!! STOP!!... SAY YOU'RE GOING THE WRONG WAY... THE RUSSIANS ARE BEHIND YOU...



YOU ARE TELLING US...

RUSSIA THANKS YOU UNCLE SAM!!



NO NEED OF THAT, WE ARE ALL IN THIS FIGHT TOGETHER AND TO A FINISH... UNTIL HITLERISM AND JAPANESE TERRORISM DISAPPEAR FROM THE FACE OF AN AGAIN PEACEFUL AND QUIET WORLD...

Binky Breeze



by Ralph Lubur

OH, BOY... A SALE!
WATCH ME GET
A PAIR OF PANTS
AT MY OWN
PRICE!!

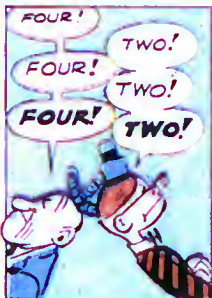


GIVE 'EM
THE OLE
HIGH PRESSURE,
EH, UNK?

NOW
HERE'S A
DANDY AT
FOUR DOLLARS
!!!!



I'LL GIVE
YOU TWO!!



LICKED
SO SOON,
UNK?

NOT BY
A LONG
SHOT!



HEY, UNK!
YOU'RE SETTING
THE JOINT
ON
FIRE!

I KNOW
IT!...
NOW WE'LL
COME BACK
TOMORROW
!!



NEXT DAY...

FIRE SALE!
PANTS HALF OFF!

I'VE COME BACK
FOR THAT PAIR
OF PANTS...
FOR TWO
BUCKS!



OKAY...
OKAY...
DON'T RUB
IT IN!!

THERE, MY
BOY... DIDN'T
I TELL YOU
I'D COME
OUT IN THE
END?



YOU SURE
DID, UNK!!

HEY, CHAMP: I GOT
ANOTHER MATCH
FOR YA

JUST A
MINUTE,
TOPPSY!



By
Bob
Faynberg

Kid Dixon

IT'S AN ARMY-NAVY EMERGENCY FUND CARD AT BILGER'S STADIUM

I WOULDN'T FIGHT FOR THAT GUY BILGER, OTHER- WISE BUT SINCE IT'S FOR THE ARMY AND NAVY, FINE!



THE DAY BEFORE THE MATCH, DIXON WEIGHS IN

"THE \$ MOE GRUBB KID UNDERSTAND BOYS. THE ENTIRE PURSE AND PROFITS IS GOING INTO THE FUND"

"TO MAKE A THING!"



SO LONG, KID

HA HA, TOTTA LUCKER! THE KID'LL FIGHT IN ANYBODY'S RELIEF SHOW FER NOTHIN'!

A NICE, USEABLE MUNK O' DOUGH TOO BAD YA GOTTA GIVE IT TO THE FUND, BILGER



GEE, BILGER, YA COULD BET THE GATE RECE PTS ON THE FIGHT, COLLECT YER WINNINGS AN THEN SEND THE ARMY ITS DOUGH ANYWAY BUT WHOLL BET AGAINST THE CHAMP?

YEAH THIS GRUBB'S A NAME BOY THE ODDS'LL BE DEAD'FUL! A GUY WTH SMART MONEY COULD MAKE A KILLIN' IF THE KID LOST!!



COULD BE, BOYS COULD BE!!



LIKE A MAGNET, THE CHAMPION'S NAME
DRAWS A CAPACITY CROWD TO THE ARENA.

WHERE'D YA PICK UP
THIS HANDLER FER
ME?

OH, BIGGER
LENT HIM TOLS
NOW JUS RELAX
KID

THERE'S YER CUE
CHAMP. SIZE
IM UP IN THE
FIRST STANZA

BONG

BONG!

BOY, YER IN GREAT
SHAPE, KID!

GWAT GOT
THIRSTY?

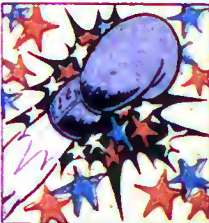
BUT AT THE BELL, A CHANGED KID DIXON
GETS UP. HE SHAKES HIS HEAD CONFUSEDLY

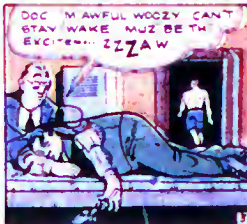
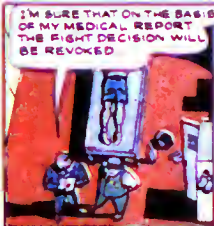
WHAZ MATTER
WTH ME
WHHHH FEEL
SLEEPY

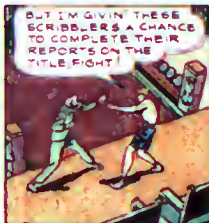
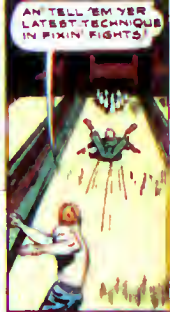
C'N
HAQ'LY
STAY
WAKE

BREAK IT, KID!

WISH 'S GUY'D STOP
WOBB'IN'







LOOK OUT, KID!



NICE PLAYMATES
THIS GUY
BILGER HAS!



YOU GUYS FORGET I DO
PLENTY O' TRAININ'
WITH INDIAN
CLUBS..



THIS GUY'S
IMPOSSIBLE!

LET'S GET OUTA HERE!



OH NO, I NEED YOU
GUYS HERE AS
CHARACTER
WITNESSES!



WOW! A
STRIKE!



ALL TOGETHER NOW, BOYS.. TELL US
HOW YOU MANIPULATE FUNDS.
IT'LL MAKE NICE READING FOR THE
CHIEF OF POLICE OVER HIS BREAK-
FAST!!!!



OH, YOU'RE BACK, DIXON! WE FOUND ALL THE
EVIDENCE WE'LL NEED IN THIS BOTTLE OF
DOPED WATER... MR. TOPPS JUST CAME TO

WHAT'S HE SO
HAPPY ABOUT?

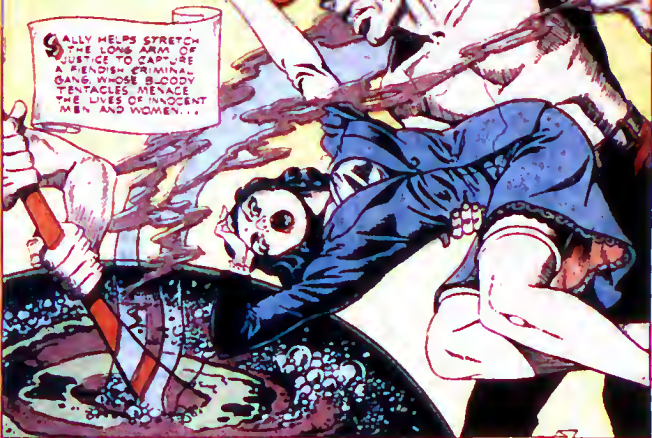


OH, I HAD THE MOST
BEAUTIFUL DREAM.
I WASN'T IN THIS
GAME NO MORE
I WAS A MILKMAN..
ALL I HAD TO
WORRY ABOUT
WAS A HORSE!
AHHA, SEE ..



Sally O'Neil

POLICEWOMAN



SALLY HELPS STRETCH THE LONG ARM OF JUSTICE TO CAPTURE A FIENDISH CRIMINAL GANG WHOSE BLOODY TENTACLES MENACE THE LIVES OF INNOCENT MEN AND WOMEN...



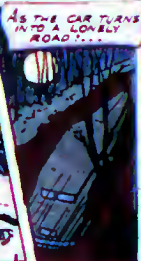
SALLY I'M GOING TO LET YOU HAVE A CRACK AT CLEANING UP THAT DOPE R NG!

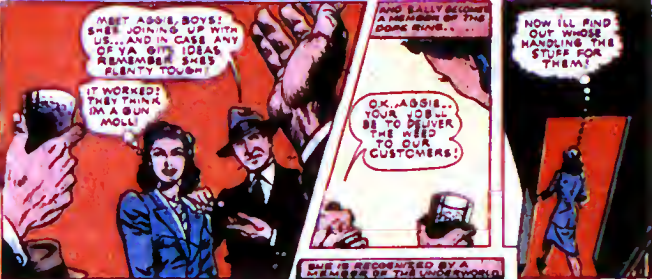
THATS FOR ME!

WE'VE RECEIVED A TIP THAT THEY'LL BE DRIVING UP ROUTE 3A ABOUT TWO O'CLOCK IN A BLUE BENSON SEDAN. SO... YOU MIGHT BEGIN WITH A TRY AT NITCH-HIKING!

A SHORT TIME LATER...

THIS ONE FITS THE DESCRIPTION... HERE'S HOPING!!







TROUBLE? ME?
DONT MAKE
ME LAUGH!



NOW TO
PHONE THESE
NAMES TO
HEADQUARTERS

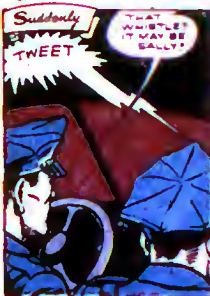
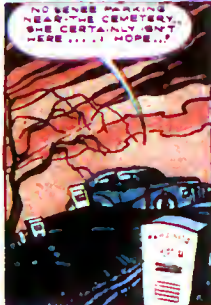


AT HEADQUARTERS SALLY'S BROTHERS HEAR ABOUT THE INCIDENT AT THE AIRPORT..





Meanwhile, SALLY'S BROTHERS
HAVE ARRIVED AND SEARCH
IN VAIN FOR CLUES AS TO
HER WHEREABOUTS...



MORE CHILLING THRILLS WITH THE COUNTRY'S
NUMBER ONE POLICEMAN IN THE NEXT
ISSUE OF **NATIONAL COMICS.**

The UNKNOWN

IN RAVAGED HOLLAND, THREE GESTAPO AGENTS ARE FOUND IN THE BOTTOM OF A MUDDY CANAL. IN BLEEDING NORWAY, A STORM TROOPER IS FOUND HANGING FROM A STREET LIGHT. IN STARVING GREECE, A GERMAN GARRISON IS MYSTERIOUSLY WIRED OUT. . . .

WHEREVER A BLOW IS STRUCK AGAINST THE NAZI TERROR, LOOK FOR THE MIGHTY HAND OF

The UNKNOWN!

VICHY-1942!

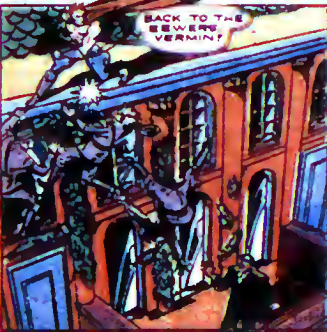
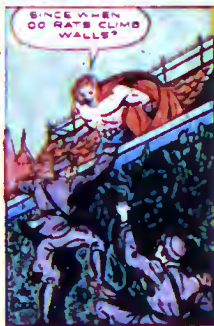
YOU CAN ASSURE OUR FUEHRER OF OUR COMPLETE COOPERATION!

YOU SHOW VERY GOOD SENSE HERE, RAVAL!

CITIZENS OF FRANCE, AS THE NEW HEAD OF THE GOVERNMENT, LET ME ANNOUNCE TO YOU THE BEGINNING OF A NEW ERA FOR OUR BELOVED COUNTRY!

APPLAUD WHEN WE TELL YOU TO YOU ARE CHEER!

LOOK HARRY YOU FRENCH SCHWING!

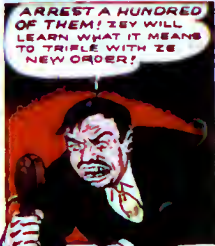




ZEES EES VERY
UPSETTING.
GENTLEMEN.
VERY UPSETTING!
LET US GO
INSIDE!



VIVA THE UNKNOWN!
VIVA LA FRANCE!
THE MARSEILLAISE
SING IT!! BRING
YOUR FRENCH TO
VICTORY!!



ARREST A HUNDRED
OF THEM! ZEY WILL
LEARN WHAT IT MEANS
TO TRIFLE WITH ZE
NEW ORDER!



MOVE ALONG, YOU DOGS
OR THERE WON'T BE
A WHOLE SKULL
LEFT AMONG
YOU!



LATER IN A
CROWDED CELL

WE WILL
DIE OF
SUFFOCATION
HERE!

OPEN UP!
LET US OUT!



IT WILL BE MUSIC TO
MY EARS TO HEAR ZE
MACHINE GUNS MOW
DOWN THOSE DEMOCRATIC
SWINE!



FOR THE
UNKNOWN
HAS SUDDEN-
LY APPEARED
ON THE SCENE

HELL NEVER
NEED THESE
KEYS AGAIN!

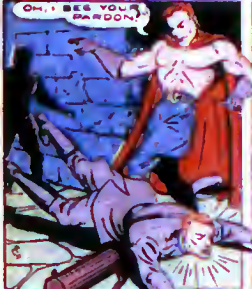


BUT, BACK IN
THE PRISON,
ALL IS NOT WELL
WITH THE NAZI
GUARDS

HIMMEL!
VOT GIFFS?



AM HERE COME
TWO MORE OF
THEM..AND
CARRYING THE
VERY THING I
WANT!



AS THE UNKNOWN WALKS TO THE EXIT, THE MACHINE GUN BEGINS TO BARK A MESSAGE OF REVENGE!

DEATH TO THE NAZI HANGMEN!

MERCY UNKNOWN! WE LEAVE TO FIGHT FOR OUR COMMON CAUSE!

I TRUST YOU SPOIL YOUR APPETITES TO LEARN THAT A WHOLE SQUADRON OF NAZI BIFF-RAFF HAS JUST BEEN WIRED OUT BY FREE FRENCHMEN!

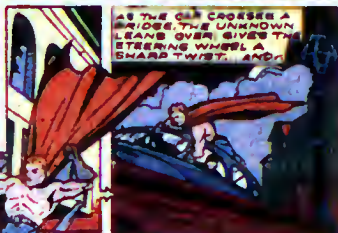
THE UNKNOWN AGAIN! DON'T LET HIM NEAR ME!



I SAID YOU WOULD DIE, RAVAL AND DIE YOU SHALL!



YOU MAY RUN BUT YOU CANNOT ESCAPE!



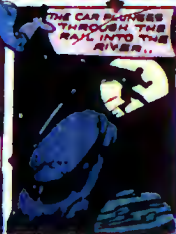
AS THE CAR CROSSES A BRIDGE, THE UNKNOWN LEANS OVER, GRIPS THE STEERING WHEEL, AND GIVES IT A SHARP TWIST, AND...



HURRY! WE CAN HIDE AT MY COUNTRY ESTATE!



SOMETHING HAS LANDED ON THE ROOF OF THE CAR! CAN IT BE... NO! NO! IT MUST NOT...



THE CAR PLUNGES THROUGH THE RAIL TO THE RIVER..



ANOTHER FILTHY GUILFING WAS PAID FOR HIS TREACHERY.. AND NOW FOR THE NEXT ONE ON MY LIST!

by DAN WILSON

KID PATROL

LITTLE PITCHERS HAVE
BIG BARS... WHICH HEAR
ALL THE WRONG THINGS..
SOMETHING THE KID
PATROL DISCOVERS ON
A HILARIOUS TRIP TO
THE CIRCUS...

BORROWING AN OLD HORSE, THE
KIDS DECIDE TO JOIN A CIRCUS
PARADE...

HURRY UP!
LET'S GO!

LET'S US JUST
FOLLOW ALONG. MAYBE
THEY'LL SEE WE
CAN LET US SEE
THE SHOW FREE!

AT THE FAIR
GROUNDS..

HURRY UP!
GET INSIDE
BEFORE SOME-
ONE SEES US!



HAW! HAW!
WE SHO PULLED
A FAST ONE ON
DE GUY WHAT
OWNS THIS
CIRCUS!

HEY! YOU KIDS!
HOW DID YOL
GET IN HERE?

WELL, MAYBE WE COULD
PLEASE, WE COULD
DON'T KICK
US OFF. WE
JUST WANNA
SEE THE SHOW.
MAYBE WE KIN
WORK OR
SOMETHIN

HERE YO
IS. LIL'
ELEPHANT.
A NICE
EG
DRINK?

HOT DIGGITY!
LET ME AT
DEM WATER
PAULS!

I'LL FILL DEM TILL
GEY IS JUS BUBBLIN'
OVAN!

WHOA!

I'LL GO GET
SOME MO
WATER
PORKY.

BUT AS HE PASSED AN EMPTY STALL

WHATTA YA MEAN
YA AINT GOT THE
DOUGH? YA BETTER
COUGH IT UP
BEFORE I
LOSE MY
TEMPER!

PLEASE,
GEORGE!

BOY, GIRL
HE SHO IS
MEAN TO
HER. I'M
GLAD I GOT
NOTHIN' TO
WORRY
ABOUT

SUDDENLY



HALP!

WHA! THAT
KID. HE MUSTA
HEARD EVERY
THING! I GOTTA
GET HOLD OF
HIM!

DOWN,
JUNGA,
DOWN!

SNAP



C'MERE,
YOU!

YO DOESNT
REALLY
MEAN ME
DOES YA,
MISTER?



BUT SUNSHINE'S PALE HEAR HIS
TERRIFIED CRIES AND...

LET HIM GO
YA BIG BULLY!

WERES
ONE OF THE
CLOWN'S SH-DES
I'LL FIX HIM!



THAT'LL TEACH
YOU TO PICK ON
SUNSHINE!

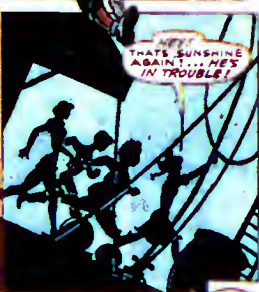
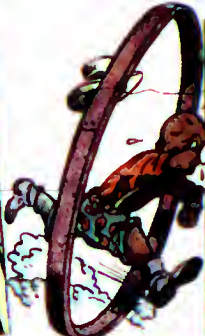
THIS AINT NO
PLACE FO ME...
I BETTER
GIT MOVIN'!

LOOKS NICE
AN' QUIET
THROUGH
THIS DOOR!



G-GOSH! AM'S
RIGHT IN THE
MIDDLE OB DE
LION'S RING!

??





THEY'LL BE BACK THESE FUN-
LOVING KIDS WITH ANOTHER
EXCITING ADVENTURE IN THE
NEXT
ISSUE
of **NATIONAL COMICS**

QUICKSILVER

FILM JOCKING DOWN HOOB



By
Nick
Cordy

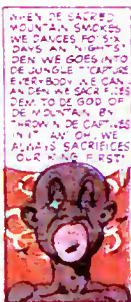
FOLKS DIS IS ZIMBAMBOO, AWAY
DOWN IN DE JUNGLES OF SOUTH AMERICA.
ALL WAS QUIET AND PEACEABLE-LIKE
DOWN HERE UNTIL TODAY!! DE VOLCANO
BEHIND US WENT FESSST AN STARTED
PUFFIN SMOKE LIKE NOBODY'S BUSINESS!
WORSE N THAT, DE NAT YES... NOT QUITE
CANNIBALS BUT ALMOST, STOOD SHIVERING
ALL OVER... AN' DEN... LIKE A BUNCH
O' HARLEM HEP-CATS, WENT INTO A
DANCE DAT WOULD MAKE DE
SAVOY BALLROOM LOOK LIKE A
PLACE WHERE LADIES AN' GENTS
WAS DOIN' DE MINUET!

HEY!

DIS AINT NO TIME
TO LIVE! LOOKIE
HERE, YOU CRAZY
FOOLS, DIS IS YOUR
KING TALKING TO
YOU... RUFUS T.
JONES! CUT OUT
DIS HERE
RAMBUNCTIOUS
HOPPIN'
AROUND!



SECRETARY O
STATE, YOU SE
WAS KING BEFO'
ME WHAT'S DE
MATTER
WIT'
DEM? DEN IS
JON N DE
DANCE
OF
DEATH!

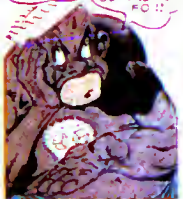


WHEN SACRED
MOUNTAIN SMOKES
WE DANCES FO' SIX
DAYS AN' NIGHTS
DEN WE GOES INTO
DE JUNGLE "CAPTURE
EVERYBODY WE CAN,
AND DEN WE SACRIFICE
DEM TO DE GOD OF
DE MOUNTAIN. BN
THROW N DE CAPTIVES
IN IT" AN' OH, WE
ALWAYS SACRIFICES
OUR KING FIRST!



ON... AND CREATED WHEN MAH
AMBASSADORS WON NO THRONE
YOU SE 50,000 AGA MAH
AND 50,000 HOME
AND 50,000
YOU SE
EARS
TALK

'SWIFF' WHY DON'T AN LEASE
MAH AMBASSADORS' HOME...
NOW LOOK E WHAT DEYS
GOT ME N
FO!!



NEWS
TRAVELS FAST
AND BEFORE
THE NEXT VSN
IS OVER THE
STORY OF THE
DANCE OF
DEATH HAS
SPREAD AS
FAR NORTH
AS HARLEY.

MAH, DEV THROWS
ANYBODY DEV CATCHES
NEAR ZIMBAMBOO
RIGHT INTO DE
RED-HOT
VOLCANO!
HARLEY'S
FAR ENOUGH
AWAY



AND AROUND THE CORNER
A CAPTIVE FIGURE LISTS
ATTENTIVELY
...QUICKSILVER!

NOW THERE'S A DETACHMENT
OF SOLDIERS NOT
TEN MILES FROM ZIM-
BAMBOO... THESE
NATIVES MUST
STORY THE CAMP!

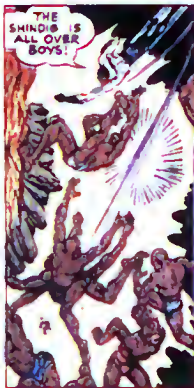
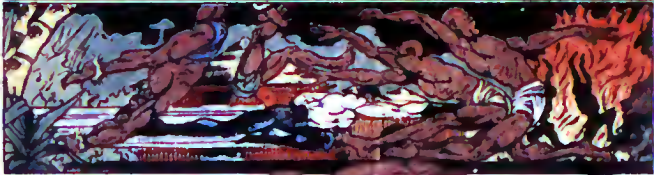


WHERE UNCLE
SAMS MEN ARE
CONCERNED IN,
NOT WASTING
ANY TIME!

POWERFUL LEGS ROCKET QUICKSILVER KING
OF SPEED LIKE A GREASED BOLT OF LIGHTNING
TOWARD THE NATIVE VILLAGE OF ZIMBAMBOO!



BY THE FOLLOWING NIGHT QUICKSILVER HAS TRAVELED THOUSANDS OF MILES AND CRASHES IN ON THE DANCING SAVAGES WITH THE POWER OF A SIXTEEN-POUND HAM!



THE SHINDIG IS ALL OVER BOYS!



THIS ISN'T DOING ANY GOOD! AS SOON AS I KNOCK THEM DOWN THEY GET UP AND START ALL OVER AGAIN!



HMM... THE KING? MAYBE I SHOULD HAVE STARTED WITH HIM IN THE FIRST PLACE!

WORRY, WORRY, WORRY.



C'MON, KING YOU PROBABLY STARTED THIS NOW STOP IT!!!

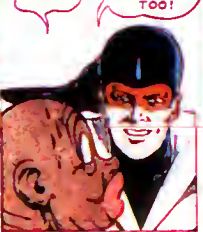


YOU CRAZY FOOL... AN'S GOT ENOUGH TROUBLE WITHOUT YOU SITTING ON...
QUICKSILVER!

AH'S CAN'T STOP THIS "JAM SESSION"...IT'S A TRADITION...
AH'S EVEN ELECTED FIRST TO
GET BAPTIZED IN THAT
VOLCANO, CAUSE AH'S KING!



YOU ALL GOTTA
DO SOMETHIN'...
MASSA QUICKSILVER,
AH'S NEEDS
HELP!!



YOU'RE TELLING
ME! YOU'D
BETTER
START
THINKING
TOO!

HEY...THERE'S
SOMETHING PHONEY
ABOUT THAT VOLCANO...
THE SMOKE...IT
SMELLS LIKE OIL
BURNING!



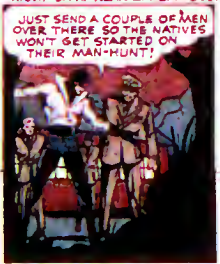
BOSS...AH'S GOT
AN IDEA!

GOOD! SO
HAVE I!
I'LL SEE
YOU LATER!



A FEW MINUTES LATER AT THE U.S.
ARMY CAMP NEAR ZIMBAMBOO.

JUST SEND A COUPLE OF MEN
OVER THERE SO THE NATIVES
WON'T GET STARTED ON
THEIR MAN-HUNT!



IT VIOLATES OUR AGREEMENT
TO LEAVE NATIVE ACTIVITY ALONE...
I'VE A FEW BOYS IN THE "COOP"
FOR SHOOTING DICE...I'LL SEND
THEM OVER...IT'LL
GIVE THEM SOMETHING
TO DO!

THANKS,
MAJOR!



THAT'S THAT! NOW TO GET
BACK TO THE VILLAGE AND TELL THE
KING HE WON'T GET DUNKED
INTO THE VOLCANO...THEN I'LL
FIND OUT WHY THE SMOKE
FROM IT SMELLS OF OIL!



AS QUICKSILVER RETURNS TO ZIMBAMBOO, THE DANCE OF DEATH HAS
CHANGED ITS TEMPO.



WHAT
TH?!

YEAH!
MAN!

COOEE! COOEE!
CONGA!!

IN DE
GROOVE
BOY!!

WHY'S DONE IT, QUICKSILVER
YOU ALL DON'T HAVE TO WORRY
ABOUT NO DANCE OF DEATH
NO MORE!



WHHEW! WAIT! THE VOLCANO
SEES WHAT I DRAGGED THE
ARMY OUT TO STOP...
WELL, I CAN'T DO ANYTHING
ABOUT THAT NOW... I'VE A
DATE INSIDE THAT VOLCANO!



NOW I'M SURE THIS IS AN
OIL FIRE... PLENTY OF SOOT
BUT NO ASH!



WHAT'S THIS? A BIG
NET!



YEA! DIS
OIL IS JUST WHAT
WE NEED TO MAKE
PLENTY OF SMOKE



HA HA HA... WHEN THESE NATIVES THROW
THE PEOPLE A HERE FOR SACRIFICE
WE WILL HAVE ENOUGH MEN TO BUILD
A DOZEN SUBMARINE BASES. NO ONE
WILL COME AROUND TO SEE WHAT
HAPPENED TO
THEM!



YEA, IT IS NICE OF
THESE NATIVES TO HAVE
SACRED MOUNTAINS!

ESPECIALLY ONE WITH AN UNDERGROUND
TUNNEL OUT INTO THE OCEAN SO
OUR SUBMARINES CAN GET IN
AND OUT... A PERFECT BASE!



SO... THAT'S IT!



THIS NET IS GOING TO
SAVE ME A LOT OF
TIME AND
TROUBLE!





JUST ONE MORE END
TO LOOSEN



HI YA
RATS!

YOS
IST!



DON'T WORRY
BOYS... I HAVE
YOU TIED
WELL!



I HOPE YOU GUYS WON'T MIND THIS
UNTIL I CAN GET A FEW OF THE
ARMY BOYS OVER TO TAKE
CARE OF YOU!



NOW TO STEER THOSE SOLDIERS OVER HERE!
MAYBE THAT WOULD SQUARE THINGS
ABOUT WHAT THEY'LL FIND A
ZIM BAM BOO!



AS QUICKSILVER REACHES
THE NATIVE VILLAGE...

WHAT
TH...?



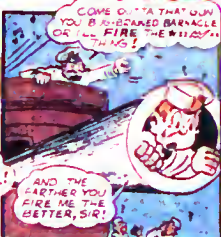
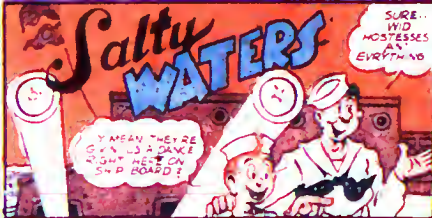
HEY, WHAT'S BEEN
GOING ON AROUND
HERE?

MAN! AMBASSADORS
JUS' PUT THROUGH A
LEND-LEASE AGREEMENT
WITH UNCLE SAM!



LOADED
DICE!
SET OUT
OF
HERE!

AH THINKS AN
ABDICATES!
G'BYE, ALL!!
HARLEM HERE
AH COMES!



PROP POWERS

TO WHAT LENGTHS WILL THE NAZIS CARRY THEIR TREACHEROUS PLANS TO DESTROY THE WORLD? PROP AND LANK UNCOVER A SNEAKING PLOT THAT CALLS FOR THE DESTRUCTION OF THE GREATEST CITY IN AMERICA... PROP AND LANK VERSUS THE GERMAN HIGH COMMAND... WHO'S GOING TO WIN?

PROP

LANK

BERLIN...

MEIN FEHRER, PLEASE CALM YOURSELF! DER WHOLES RUS YOU'RE CHEWING OFF AND IT GIVES NO VITAMINS!

SCHWEIN! AN ADMIRAL YOU'RE CALLING YOURSELF, AND A LIODLE TING LIKE SOMETHING NEW YORK, YOU CANNOT DO! I WILL KILL MYSELF, MIT SHAME, DOTS VOT FLL DO!

BUT, MEIN FEHRER, WE HAAF AT LAST FOUND DER WAY TO DO IT... AND SOON IT HAPPENS!



ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE OCEAN,
PROP AND LANK ARE ON
PATROL DUTY...



HEY, LANK!
DO YOU SEE
WHAT I
SEE?

DANGER!
IT'S NOT A
FERRY
BOAT!

BUT
WHAT'S
IT DOING
THE FAR
OUT? WE'RE
GOING TO
HAVE A
LOOK!



WHY SHUCKS?
IT'S ONE OF THOSE
FERRIES THE COAST
GUARDS USE TO
TRAIN OUR
ROCKETS!

THAT'S RIGHT,
LANK! THE
SKIPPER'S
WAVING TO
US!



HELLO,
THERE!
WHAT'S
UP?

BUT IS THIS JUST A HARMLESS
FERRY BOAT?

THAT WAS CLOSE!
BUT WE FOOLED
THEM! WARM UP
THE PLANES!
WE'RE APPROACHING
THE HARBOR!

ALVIN
KAPLAN!

THE INTERIOR OF THE SEEMINGLY
INNOCENT FERRY HAS BEEN
REBUILT TO HOLD TWO MEDIUM
SIZED BOMBERS.

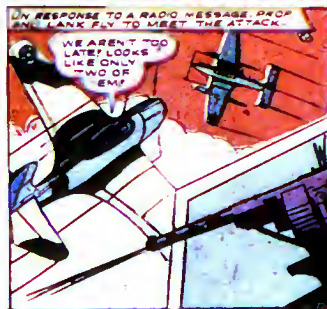
ACHTUNG!
PREPARE
DER
PLANES!

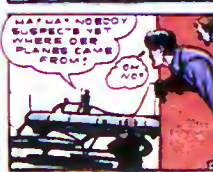
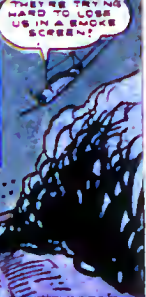
THE MOTORS
WHIRL...

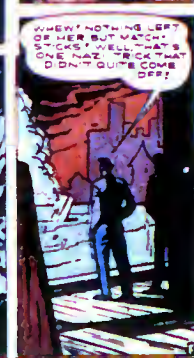


AND THE BOMBERS ARE CATAPULTED
OFF THE FERRY..

AS THE NAZI CRAFT ROARS
OVER THE CITY...







USING HIS POWERS OF MAGIC AND HYPNOTISM, MERLIN THE MAGICIAN AIDS THE VALIANT FORCES OF DEMOCRACY AGAINST THE BEASTS OF BERLIN

UOY ERA DEMOOD!

BY LANCE
BLACKWOOD

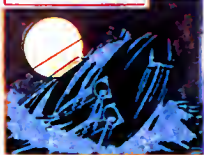
MERLIN

THE MAGICIAN

IN THE DARK OF NIGHT A HUGE NAZI U-BOAT COMES UP OFF THE ATLANTIC COAST

THIS IS A TOKEN RAID YOUR MISSION IS TO WRECK COAST TOWN AND TERRIFY THE PEOPLE HEIL HITLER!

IT'LL BE A CINCH FOR A HUNDRED PICKED 'S.S.' MEN LIKE THOSE!



FIRST WE'LL SURROUND
THE PLACE AND CUT ALL THE
WIRES OF COMMUNICATION
LEADING IN AND OUT!



OUR AGENTS REPORT
MERLIN IS IN THIS TOWN HE
MUST BE LIQUIDATED!



HOLY SMOKE!
GERMANS—
SHOOT!



THE QUIET OF THE LITTLE SEACOAST TOWN
IS SHATTERED AS THE SHOOTING STARTS!



ULP! AN
INVASION!

CRASH!

BANG
BAM



MY HUNCH ABOUT A RAD
ON THIS COAST WAS
RIGHT—



ACH—
I GOT
YOU!

PU HGUORHT
EHT
FOOR!





AT BERLIN COMMAND THE
NOOSE JUMPS FROM THE
SOLDIER'S HAND!

TEUFEL-
IT'S ALIVE!



HELP-IT'S STRANG-
LING ME!

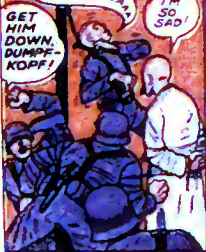


TOO
BAD!

SAVE ME!
GURGLE!

GET
HIM
DOWN.
DUMPF-
KOPF!

I'M
SO
SAD!



MARCH THEM ALL TO THE
NEAREST WALL AND
MACHINE GUN EM ALL!

SHUDDUP!

HITLER'S
A DUMB!



IT'S TIME I GOT IN
TOUCH WITH THE
ARMY!



LL' EMOCEB NA
RIA EVAW!



THE GREAT MAGICIAN TURNS
INTO AN AIR WAVE!



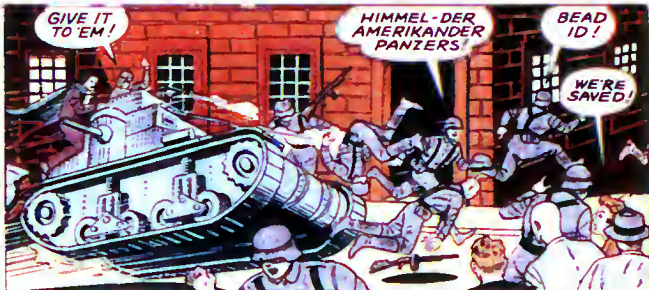
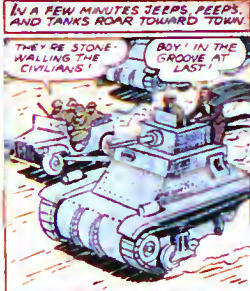
AN! THE ARMY
BARRACKS!

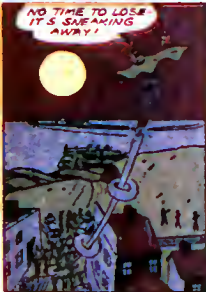


IN THE GENERAL'S QUARTERS

NOTHING EVER HAPPENS
AROUND HERE - WISH I
WAS WITH MACARTHUR







NO TIME TO LOSE -
IT'S SNEAKING
AWAY!

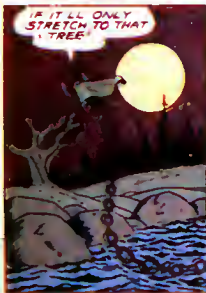


I'LL DIVE RIGHT
AT IT ...

IT'S A BIRD -
IT'S A PLANE -
IT'S THE
MAGICIAN!



... AND TAKE THEIR
ANCHOR!



IF IT'LL ONLY
STRETCH TO THAT
'TREE'



AN - THIS'LL
HOLD IT!



WE'RE ANCHORED TO
SHORE - WE CAN'T
SUBMERGE - AND -
H- HERE COMES A COAST
GUARD CUTTER



WOW!
DID WE'LAST
THAT SEA
WOLF

CAARASH



AND THAT'S WHAT'LL
HAPPEN TO ANYONE
WHO TRIES TO GET
TOUGH WITH THE
U. S. A.!

THE DESERT ALWAYS WINS

THE huge tank rumbled across the desert with all the grace of a pachyderm, and with far more racket. The crew sweated and choked on the heavy dust that filled the interior. Outside, the sun beat down on the great steel armor converting it into a hot-plate.

Lieut. Sellers mopped his wet face and growled:

"Man alive! If I ever get out of this, I'll take mine in the open, and to heck with the Jerries!"

At that moment a terrific explosion shook the big tank, and the driver clutched wildly at the wheel. The machine dived in a half-turn, pitched down a slope of loose sand and stopped at a sharp angle.

"Holy cow!" yelled Morgan, picking himself up from the heap he found himself in. "Cantcha hold that thing, Mopsy? You daro near busted all my ribs!"

Mopsy, the driver, grinned sheepishly. "Think that one got us fellows. Let's take a look-see."

They all paled out. The damage was slight; only a portion of the tractor treads torn away on the right side. The heavy plate was dented from flying pieces of shrapnel.

Lieut. Sellers said, "Take us a couple hours to fix those treads, huh?"

The mechanics got busy, there in the burning heat of the Libyan Desert. They had worked an hour when Sellers shouted, "Duck, you guys! There they come!"

Jerry was bearing down on them—five of him, Messerschmitts. Before they had all leaped into the protecting interior of the tank, tracers were spewing down at them in a deadly stream. The planes roared over, banked a half mile away, and came at them again. Machine gun bullets spattered over the armor like hail stones.

The crew cowered inside, hoping the devils didn't have anything heavier than 55mm cannon on those planes.

"All clear," said Sellers. "I'll take a look and see if the dirty rats are gone!" He withdrew his head after a moment, reporting the planes gone. They got to work again on the treads, and in less than an hour had them repaired.

"Gosh," said one of the crew, "I'd give my next pay check for a slug of ice water."

Nobody answered him. For five days they had been lost from the main body of troops. There had been a whirlwind charge of British and American units against Rommel's division, which had appeared to wither under the hot fire of the Allies; then something had happened. Rommel's forces had got up new steam, evidently rejuvenated by a large force of dive bombers fresh from Germany. They had retaliated with a deadly hail of fire, and the Allies were forced to abandon what they had gained.

Just how this tank unit had become lost from the main body in the retreat nobody knew. Suddenly they had found themselves in the middle of the desert and there was no one near them.

By now they had almost lost count of the days in which they had been wandering across the sands. Their fuel supply was low, they were out of food and their water tanks were empty.

"We've got to get water soon," said Lieut. Sellers with a shake of his blond head. "Not only for us but for the engines. They're steaming now."

They were in the terrible temperature the motors ran hot anyway, but with the radiators almost empty they had turned into steam engines.

Late that evening someone sighted an oasis and a bowl of pleasure went up from the cramped crew. The driver gave the tank everything it would take and they rolled into Sawa Oasis in a great cloud of dust. Two small lakes dotted the burned terrain, not more than a half mile from the shady oasis, and the men made for the cool water in a body. Lieut. Sellers,

yelled to them to take it easy, but it was like trying to halt a herd of stampeding cattle. Water! Blessed water!

The soldiers fell on their stomachs and stuck their heads deep into the sparkling fluid, drinking deep.

Mopsy, the driver, after filling himself, fell back with a groan. "Man, oh man!" he gasped. "Ain't this the life!"

Abdul Krim, the Berber headman of the oasis, was a bearded, burnoosed sheik of the movie type. His great flowing robe flapped about his knees as he walked. He was most cordial to the American soldiers. He ordered a feast and that night the crew of the lost tank stuffed themselves to the bursting point.

Abdul Krim's men were a rough, hard lot, every one of them mounted on the most beautiful horses to be seen anywhere. They were in the pay of the Egyptian army, on a riding foray against straggling Germans and Italians. As Abdul calmly put it: "My men have bagged—oh, quite a number of the infidels. There are many more to bag. Enfeendi!"

Lieut. Sellers laughed. Then he told the sheik of their predicament. Abdul grinned. It was a good joke, getting lost in the desert. Then he proposed a plan to Lieut. Sellers. Why not join up with his raiding party, until such time as they could find the main body of the army?

Why not, indeed? Sellers saw the value of the alliance and accepted with enthusiasm. The tank would land protection to the horsemen, and vice versa. They might be able to round up a nice collection of the enemy.

Just before dawn that morning, however, their plans received a jolt. A swarm of bombers came over the oasis and laid a basket of eggs. The bombs fell short of their target, but the planes came back and dropped another load. Some of these latter hit the corrals, killing several horses. Now, if there is anything that will make a desert man see red, it is to kill his horse. The Berbers went mad with hate. They had an antiquated anti-aircraft gun hidden in some brush and they cut loose. Maybe by luck or otherwise, the first burst

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brought down a ship. It fell into a spin and crashed on the desert not a mile from the oasis. By a miracle it did not catch fire and Sellers saw a golden opportunity.

When the enemy was driven off, he took a small detachment of his men and went to the plane. The pilot and three-man crew were dead, riddled with shrapnel when the shell had burst. They dragged the men out and began an inspection of the ship. The landing gear had come down and was twisted out of shape, but otherwise the plane was in fair condition.

"What a break!" exclaimed Sellers. "Won't take us long to patch up this beap. Then we'll do a bit of skylarking on our own."

The balance of that day was used in repairing the plane. The engine was in perfect shape, and Sellers took off after a moment, circled around for a few minutes and set down again. Old Abdul had a good supply of petrol, stashed in his oasis by the British some time before.

Ken Grove, bronzed young American adventurer, in Egypt for the moment on a secret mission for his government, listened to Major Blakeley of the First British Volunteers. The Major had a yarn to spin. It had to do with a tank and its crew which had become lost from the main force.

"Haven't the slightest idea how it happened," he told Ken. "But that tank crew is one of our best, and I have reason to believe that it didn't fall into enemy hands. I know that dog-gone Lieut. Sellers; he's a devil on wheels. We've got to find them, Grove."

Ken pondered. How often he had set out on a definite mission, only to find himself engaged in some other task. But it ended up the same. So long as he was serving his country, or that of the Allies, he cared not a whit where the chase led him. He said, "All right, Major, I'll do what I can. You have the ship ready?"

It was a sturdy ship, nothing less than a sleek Spitfire, with twin cannons and three machine-guns.

"Well, here goes nothing!" he sang out as he revved the motors. In a moment he was skimming across the sandy field and had lifted, roaring into the blue Egyptian skies at 200 miles an hour.

He flew all that day, dropping low over every oasis, watching each puff of desert dust, searching. But he saw nothing of the lost tank. He saw

something else, however. Towards evening he spotted a large contingent of German soldiers, bolstered by a tank force, surging eastward out of Libya. Where were they bound?

Darkness settled soon afterward and Ken was forced to land for the night. Once during the darkness he thought he heard heavy firing but couldn't be certain as a strong wind had arisen. At dawn he searched the terrain with his binoculars, saw nothing amiss, and again took to the air. He hadn't flown fifty miles when he saw again the big German force, still forging eastward. Then he saw the tank. It was rumbling along at a fair clip toward the east, and trailing it was a large body of horsemen. He knew the Germans would overtake the smaller body very soon. He dropped lower, then set down a few rods from the tank and the desert horsemen.

It took only a moment to reveal that this was indeed the lost tank. Lieut. Sellers explained the situation in a few words. And at that moment the German plane landed near Ken's ship. He started, then got control of himself as a tousled-headed young American leaped out of the cockpit. Sellers told him how the ship had been captured.

"Well, boys," said Ken. "I think you're in for trouble. An enemy force isn't ten miles behind you now. I know you can't hope to hold 'em off—and worse still you can't get away, not in that old tank."

Sellers looked glum. "What'd ya suggest, Grove?"

Ken looked thoughtful. Then he

suddenly held up his hand to test the wind. "Just right," he said as if to himself.

"Meaning?" said Sellers dubiously.

"This," Ken said. Then he explained his plan. Sellers wasn't too hot for it, but there wasn't anything else to do. They got the two planes lined up facing the east, and started their engines. The slipstream from the two ships hurled a great pall of dust into the air, creating a gigantic sandstorm. In a moment the sky toward the west was invisible and the mounting cloud of dust rose into the heavens in a dense blanket of saffron particles.

The German commander of the advancing division ran for shelter and the soldiers covered their faces with wet towels. This was one of those terrific, deadly dust storms of which they had heard but never experienced. It lasted an hour, and when the air again cleared there was no sign of the lost tank, the two planes, or the Berbers on horseback.

"Now that," said Lieut. Sellers to Major Blakeley five hours later, "is what I call one of the cleverest little tricks I ever saw pulled. Believe me that Ken Grove had a brave brain!"

The major heartily agreed with his lieutenant. Had it not been for the screening fog of dust, the Germans would have killed or captured every man in the desert party.

"Yeah," observed Major Blakeley to himself as Lieut. Sellers went striding off to his quarters. "That young Grove feller is somebody to be proud of!"

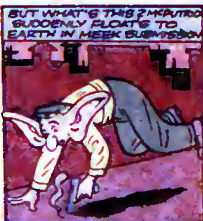
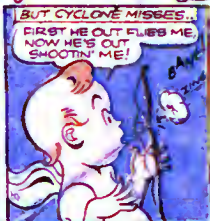
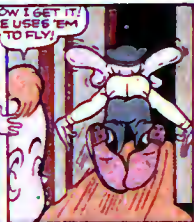
More of **PLASTIC MAN**
MOST UNUSUAL COMIC
MAGAZINE CHARACTER
IN THE NOVEMBER ISSUE OF
POLICE
COMICS
ON SALE SEPTEMBER 9TH

CYCLONE CUPID

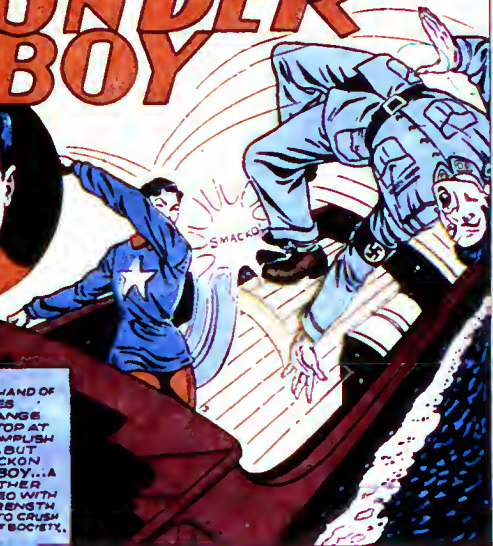
HE AIN'T STUPID!

DY. GILL
FOX-

WE GOT A TIP THAT
ELEPHANT EARS' MCDUTRO
WILL TRY TO ROB THIS
SAFE TONIGHT SO
WE'LL HIDE HERE.
CYCLONE!!

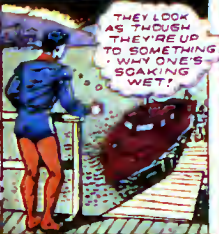


WONDER BOY



THE LONG BLOODY HAND OF AMERICA'S ENEMIES REACH INTO STRANGE PLACES... THEY STOP AT NOTHING TO ACCOMPLISH THEIR FOUL ENDS, BUT THEY HAVE TO RECKON WITH WONDER BOY... A SUBJECT OF ANOTHER PLANET, ENDOWED WITH PHENOMENAL STRENGTH WHICH HE USES TO CRUSH THE VULTURES OF SOCIETY.

WONDER BOY IS ATTRACTED BY A GROUP OF BOYS, AROUND A PRIVATE CRAFT.



THEY LOOK AS THOUGH THEY'RE UP TO SOMETHING! WHY ONE'S SNAKING WET!



WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

WATSON PAGE THREW JOEY IN THE DRINK, WE'RE GOING TO GET EVEN!

JUST FER ADMIRIN' HIS BOAT, TOO!



FOLLOW ME, I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO GET EVEN!

IT BETTER BE GOOD!

A FEW MINUTES LATER AT THE PAGE (MAN) SION...

MRS. PAGE, YOUR SON HAS NO RIGHT TO BULLY THE OTHER BOYS, EVEN THOUGH HE HAS A WEAK HEART.

VEAH, SEE!

WELL, I NEVER...

NO MUM

AS THE BOYS DOCTOR, I'M IN A POSITION TO SAY WATSON HAS NO HEART CONDITION WHATSOEVER!

HOW DARE YOU!

IT'S THE TRUTH, MRS. PAGE...YOU'VE JUST USED IT AS AN EXCUSE FOR WATSON ALL HIS LIFE!

UNKNOWN TO ALL, WATSON IS CAREFULLY LISTENING...

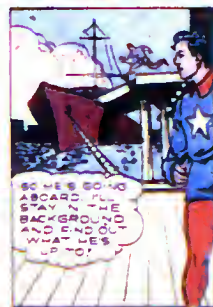
IF THE GANG GETS ME NOW... THEY'LL BEAT THE TAR OUT OF ME!

WELL, THERE GOES OUR HERO NOW!

I'M GOING TO HAVE A TALK WITH WATSON PAGE UR!

SO ARE WE!

NO! YOU BOYS STAY HERE. I'LL HANDLE THIS ALONE!



VE OWE YOU
NODDING,
AMERICAN
BRAT!



BUT YOU SAY
ANYWAY...
COME!



NOW VE
ARE EVEN,
EH?

HA!
HA!

SPLASH



THEN, AS THE NAZI'S GO BELOW...



RELAY PAGE,
I'LL GET YOU
IN A MINUTE!

NOW, TALK! HOW
COME YOU'RE MIXED
UP WITH NAZIS?

YOU... YOU
SAVED MY
LIFE!

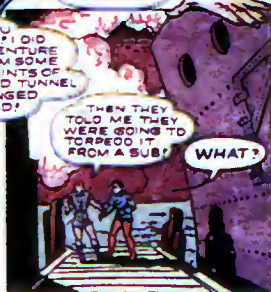


I'LL TELL YOU
EVERYTHING! I DID
IT FOR ADVENTURE
I GAVE THEM SOME
OLD BLUE PRINTS OF
THE HOLLAND TUNNEL
THEY BELONGED
TO MY DAD!



THEN THEY
TOLD ME THEY
WERE GOING TO
TORPEDO IT
FROM A SUB!

WHAT?



AND AS THEY
ARE TALKING,
THE NAZI CHASE
PULLS AWAY.



THERE
THEY GO
BUT WE'RE
GOING
AFTER
THEM!



WHEN THEY LIGHT
THREE FLARES, IT WILL
BE A SIGNAL TO ONE OF
THEIR SHIPS TO TORPEDO
THE TUNNEL!



LOOK!
THERE'S
THE FLARE
NOW!

OUR SUB WILL
SEE DER
FLARES BY
DER PERISCOPE!

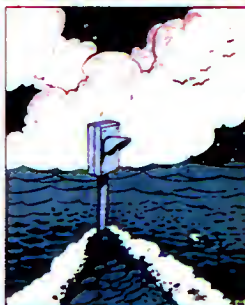
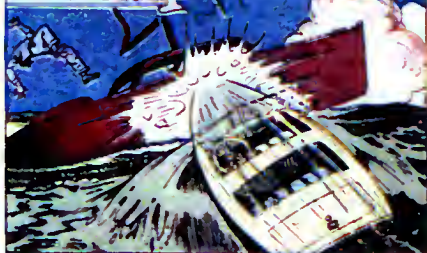




BUT THE BOYS BOAT PLUNGES FORWARD TOWARD THE NAZI CRAFT



AND RANS IT WITH A SHATTERING CRASH SINKING THE BOAT



MEANWHILE, THE HARBOR POLICE INVESTIGATE THE EXPLOSION.

TRUBLE!
MAN THE
BOATS!

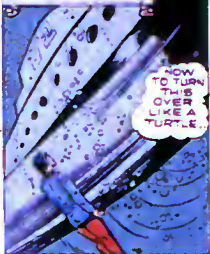


THAT SUB IS
NEARING ITS
DESTINATION,
WONDER BOY!

HANG ON
HERE... I'LL
HANDLE
THIS
ALONE!



DIVING UNDER WATER,
WONDER BOY MAKES
USE OF HIS TREMEN-
DOUS STRENGTH.



NOW
TO TURN
THIS
OVER
LIKE A
TURTLE.

AND TURNS THE SUBMARINE
UPSIDE DOWN.



THAT'S THAT!
NOW IT CAN'T
HURT ANYBODY
OR ANYTHING!

YOT
GIFTS!

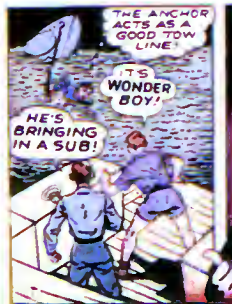
YEOW!



THE ANCHOR
ACTS AS A
GOOD TOW
LINE!

IT'S
WONDER
BOY!

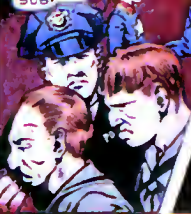
HE'S
BRINGING
IN A SUB!



LATER

LINE UP OVER
THERE. RATS
AN BE THANK
FUL YOU DIDN'T
GO DOWN
WITH YER
SUB!

YOU
SAVED
THE
TUNNEL,
KID!

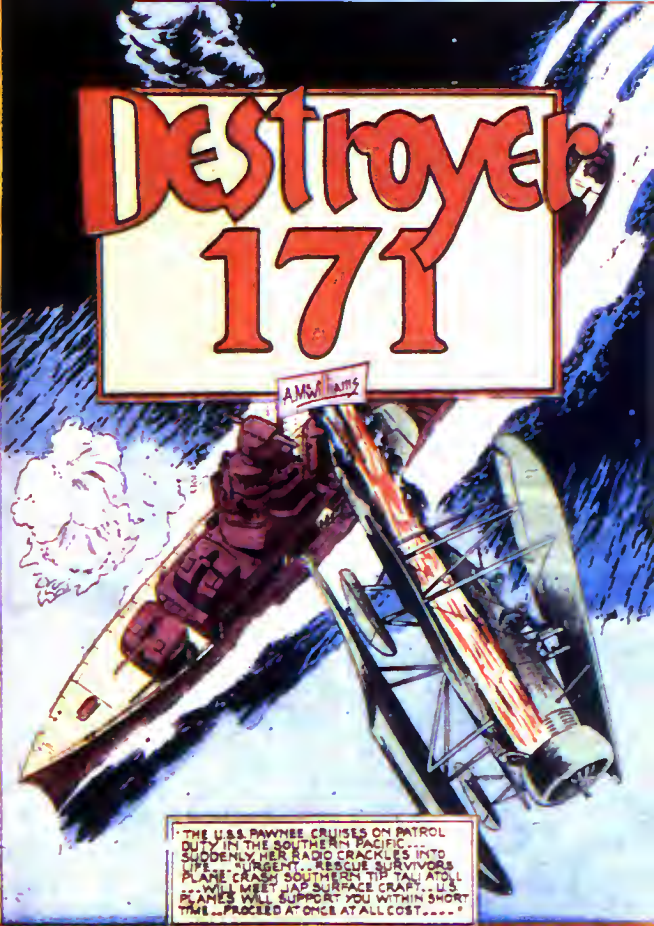


SO LONG FOR NOW,
GANG. I'LL BE
LOOKIN' FOR YOU IN
THE NEXT ISSUE OF
NATIONAL
COM CS!





Destroyer 171



AMW PATTS

THE U.S.S. PAWNEE CRUISES ON PATROL
DUTY IN THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC...
SUDDENLY HER RADIO CRACKLES INTO
LIFE... URGENT... RESCUE SURVIVORS
PLANE CRASH SOUTHERN TIP TAIL ATOLL
...WILL MEET JAP SURFACE CRAFT... U.S.
PLANES WILL SUPPORT YOU WITHIN SHORT
TIME... PROCEED AT ONCE AT ALL COST... *

ON THE PAWNEE'S BRIDGE, LIEUTENANT COMMANDER LAKE AND CONROY, HIS FIRST OFFICER, SCAN THE MESSAGE...

MUST BE IMPORTANT, SKIPPER, IF THEY'LL BREAK RADIO SILENCE TO SEND US THIS MESSAGE!

IT MEANS THAT THE JAPS ALREADY KNOW OF THE CRASH

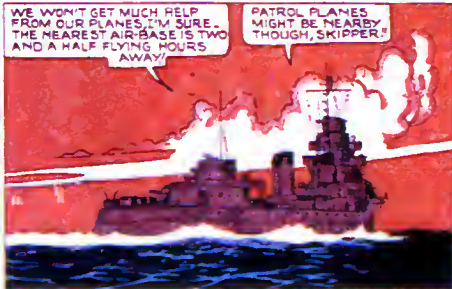
THAT'S WHY IT SAYS WE'LL RUN INTO JAP SHIPS...! IT'S GOING TO BE A RACE TO SEE WHO GETS THERE FIRST, I'M AFRAID

FULL SPEED CONROY... SOUND GENERAL STATIONS... TALI ATOLL IS ONLY ONE HOUR AWAY...



WE WON'T GET MUCH HELP FROM OUR PLANES, I'M SURE. THE NEAREST AIR-BASE IS TWO AND A HALF FLYING HOURS AWAY!

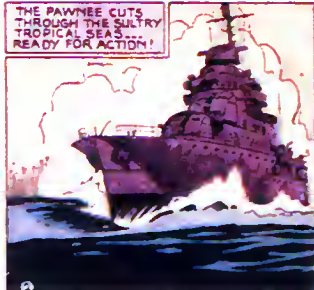
PATROL PLANES MIGHT BE NEARBY THOUGH, SKIPPER.



DOUBT IT... THEY WOULDN'T BE RISKING A VALUABLE DESTROYER IF A PLANE COULD DO THE JOB!



THE PAWNEE CUTS THROUGH THE SULTRY TROPICAL SEAS... READY FOR ACTION!



LAND, TWO POINTS OFF PORT BOW...!!



GET OUT THE CHARTS, CONROY... THIS PLACE WILL BE FULL OF REEFS



THE DESTROYER RAPIDLY APPROACHES THE FIRST SERIES OF CORAL REEFS BORDERING TAJI ATOLL



THERE'S THE WRECKED PLANE... LOOKS LIKE A BAD CRASH



"SHE'S LYING IN THE INNER CIRCLE OF REEFS... IT'LL BE A JOB GETTING TO HER...."



"JAP LIGHT CRUISER TO THE SOUTH, SIR"

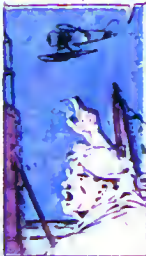
BY HEAVENS, SIR... IT'S ENTERING THE CHANNEL INTO THE WRECKED PLANE BEFORE US!... WE'RE TOO LATE!"



NOT YET... THERE'S A SHORT CUT THROUGH THOSE REEFS AT HIGH TIDE... IT'S ALMOST HIGH NOW... WE MAY RIP THE PAWNEE'S BOTTOM OUT BUT ORDERS ARE TO PROCEED AT ALL COSTS!"



JAP SEAPLANE FROM THE CRUISER COMING UP, SIR...



AS THE U.S. DESTROYER ENTERS A NARROW PASSAGE AMONG THE REEFS, THE DISTANT JAP CRUISER COMMENCES SHELLING HER.



GET THAT SEAPLANE! HE'S GOING TO THE CRUISER'S GUNFIRE AND WE'RE TRAPPED IN HIS BLAST-EC CHANNEL!"



THE JAP PILOT CLIMBS MADLY FOR ALTITUDE...BUT THE SEA-PLANE IS SLOW...AND EVERY GUN ON THE DESTROYER IS BLAZING AWAY AT IT!



25 FATHOMS...
28 FATHOMS...



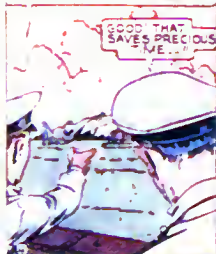
WE'RE JUST ABOUT TOUCHING BOTTOM...BUT AT LEAST WE WON'T BE BOTHERED BY THE CRUISER'S FIRE...WE'RE PRETTY WELL HIDDEN BEHIND THESE REEFS!



WE'RE AT THE NARROWEST SPOT NOW BUT WE'RE GETTING THROUGH



HERE'S THE PLANE SKIPPER! HER MEN ARE PADDLING OUT THEIR LIFE RAFT TO MEET US



PULL 'EM ABOARD QUICKLY
MEN...TELL 'EM TO REPORT
ON THE BRIDGE...



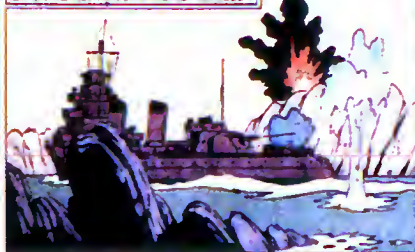
FULL ASTERN STARBOARD
ENGINE, FULL AHEAD ON
PORT...STARBOARD THE
HELM...WE'VE GOT TO GET
OUT OF HERE BEFORE THAT
CRUISER ARRIVES!



THE PAWNEE STARTS BACK
THROUGH THE MAZE OF REEFS
AS THE JAP CRUISER COMES
INTO SIGHT ASTERN...



THE FLEEING DESTROYER'S STERN
GUN OPENS FIRE AS THE JAP SHELLS
START DROPPING AROUND HER...



TIDES EBBING, SIR... I KNOW...
WE'LL BE LUCKY TO EVEN IF THEY
GET OUT OF THIS ARE FIRING
MESS... AT US WE
CAN'T INCREASE
OUR SPEED...



GOOD AFTERNOON
COMMANDER...
AM GENERAL
BUTLER.

G-GENERAL
BUTLER...
WHY YOU'RE
COMMANDER
OF ALL THE
ALLIED FORCES
IN THE
NEAR EAST



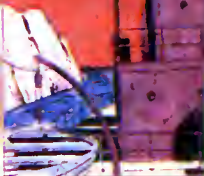
YES, WE WERE FORCED
DOWN BY ENGINE TROUBLE
AFTER THEY WERE HIT BY
JAP ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRE...
WE WERE LOOKING FOR
OUR PLANES TO RESCUE US



...WE CERTAINLY NEVER
EXPECTED TO SEE A U.S.
DESTROYER COME THROUGH
THESE REEFS...AN AMAZ-
ING P.E.C.E OF SEAMANSHIP



WE'RE NOT OUT OF THIS YET, GENERAL. ALTHOUGH THAT CRUISER IS TOO BIG TO FOLLOW US OUT THIS WAY.



THE JAP CRUISER CEASES FIRING AND ATTEMPTS TO TURN IN THE NARROW SPACE.



BUT SHE RAMS A REEF... PUTTING HER OUT OF THE ACTION!



IF WE CAN GET THROUGH THIS SPACE, THE REST OF THE CHANNEL WILL BE EASY...



WHEW!...WE'RE THROUGH! FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER AND THE TIDE WOULD'VE BEEN TOO LOW...WE'D HAVE BEEN TRAPPED IN THERE."



AS THE PAWNEE REACHES OPEN WATER, A FLIGHT OF AMERICAN PLANES ROAR OVERHEAD...AND DROP THEIR DEADLY CARGOES ON THE TRAPPED JAP CRUISER...DESTROYING IT..."



YOU'LL GET THE NAVY CROSS FOR THIS DAY'S WORK, COMMANDER...NEVER SAW A SHIP HANDLED THE WAY THIS ONE WAS."



YES, GENERAL, IT TOOK THE NAVY TO SAVE THE ARMY ONCE AGAIN, EH?

A BELL RINGER!

PACKED
WITH
THRILLS



FEATURING AMERICA'S GREATEST COMIC CHARACTER

BLACKHAWK

ALSO THE SNIPER, SECRET WAR NEWS, PHANTOM CLIPPER
AND MANY OTHERS

DON'T MISS THEM!

THE Tootsie Roll OF HONOR

MEET THE POPULARITY CONTEST WINNERS

See what made them win

MEET EDDIE L. He's full of ideas



EDDIE'S THE BOY who starts things. And people love him for it. Now he's got his friends making gifts for the children. Eddie eats plenty of Tootsie Rolls. They're fuel for brains as well as muscles!

MEET VIRGINIA D. She's a true patriot



IS VIRGINIA POPULAR? You bet! She sold more Defense Stamps than anybody else in her school. Everyone loves a patriot. And this patriot sure loves Tootsie Rolls!

MEET TOMMY R. That boy does everything well!



EVERYBODY ADMIRES Tommy because he's a champion in diving, starting basketball. He practices plenty. He has plenty of pep. He does good by without a Tootsie Roll.



UNCLE SAM SAYS: Make sure what you eat is nourishing, pure, and full of energy. Eat plenty of Tootsie Rolls. They're rich in wholesome Dextrose - give you quick food-energy.

BUY DEFENSE STAMPS!

1¢ AND 5¢



TOOTSIE WINS, TOO!

The winner is our popularity contest! Many children and grown-ups love Tootsie like any other candy!



TOOTSIE ROLLS
TASTE LIKE
CANDY

EAT A TOOTSIE A DAY - Enriched with DEXTROSE for quick food-energy